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NO CIVIL PENSION LIST.

However charitably disposed one may

be in mind towards the Department clerks

at Washington who have toiled at their

desks for salaries and their country for

terms of thirty years or more he will

scarcely feel impelled to indorse at

once the proposal for a civil

pension list. This proposal is being con-

sidered at Washington. In one form it

contemplates the retirement on three-

quarters pay of all clerks over sixty-five

years of age. Postmaster-General WANA-

MAKER gives a most singular reason for

favoring the plan. He says:

"We already have in effect a civil pension

list. That is to say, persons are borne upon

the rolls of the Department who, from in-

ertness of humanity, can neither be removed

nor expected to do the work that is required

to be done in their places. They cannot be

removed, because it would be brutal to re-

move them. They cannot do the work that is

required of them, because they are incapaci-

tated by old age.

If this statement is true it stands evident

that very queer business principles con-

trol the conduct of affairs in the Post-

Office Department. Does Mr. WANA-

MAKER conduct his own business on so

extremely sentimental a basis as this?

As matter of fact, Government clerks as

a rule do a minimum of work for a

maximum of pay. They are no more en-

titled to pensions than the employees of

any private office, shop, factory or store.

This is an affair of business, not of senti-

ment, gratitude nor patriotism. Paternal-

ism as the Government has become in many

respects, it cannot go to this proposed

extent in paternalism.

AGAIN, THE WEATHER.

The weather, at any rate, is safe from

the backbiters. Whatever talking is done

about it must be done to its face. This

observation applies equally in all sea-

sons. It borrows additional force to-day

from the fact that the weather is so hot

as to be actually visible, not to say tan-

gible.

All over the city and the bay and the

river banks gathered early this morning

a sort of quivering semi-bare which in-

creased in density as the forenoon wore

on. This demonstration of the day's

torridity was brought about of course by

the presence of old Sol's most dangerous

ally, facetiously known to the world as

General Humidity.

The present hot spell is another and

rather successful effort at record-break-

for truth held out a glass yesterday to

what he believed to be a fountain, he

drew it back empty and went away dis-

appointed. People will presently begin

to understand that the world is not to be

saved by vulgarizing its religion.

An Eastern District man, going to take

his regular nightcap in the dark, got it

out of the wrong bottle. It was eye lin-

iment he drank, and a spoonful of it

opened his eyes to his mistake. He got

to a doctor before the atropia in the medi-

cine got to his vitals. Not to make light

of this man's peril, it may be remarked

that it's safer to make light on the scene

when going after one's nightcap if there

are any other bottles on the same shelf.

It was a bad Sunday for the three-year-

old. One little tot was lost from New-

ark, one was found drowned in the Nar-

rows and one is missing from an uptown

tenement. In whose heart is there not

the hope that the lost may be found alive

and well? The world and its homes have

uses for the little ones.

Serious changes are made this morning

against Capt. BROOKS. It is stated that

immoral houses of the lowest character

openly flourish in Wooster street, and

that passers-by are shocked and annoyed

by their inmates. How is it, Inspector

STANLEY?

Each man coins his own money in Chilli.

He carries along a lot of blank cards on

which he writes the amount charged for

his purchases and signs his name on the

back. The extent of his purchases must

be regulated by the confidence of the

seller.

Many of the recent murders are trace-

able to married women who have en-

couraged attentions of men, and who

know that, if found out, tragedy would

follow. They afterwards realized, per-

haps, that it was not worth while.

A Pennsylvania minister is in a

dilemma. His salary as preacher is

\$1,000, and a baseball club offers him

\$1,400 as pitcher. There is no good re-

ason why he should not do both. Pitch

week days and preach on Sundays.

Chief McKANE's new vocation of Sun-

day-school teacher must have hurt his

reputation as a terror to Coney Island

wrong-doers. Last night a man was

"held up" and robbed directly in front

of the police station.

Here is a WARNING to misses who flirt.

A Brooklyn girl made a street acquaint-

ance with two nice young men. They

turned out to be burglars, and she is

arrested on suspicion of being an ac-

complice.

Emperor WILLIAM's little attempt to

crowd the United States by combining all

the European governments against us

may be likened to the effort of the man

who butted his head against a stone wall.

The friends of the ex-Wicked Grims

who have berths in the Custom-House are

said to be in fear and trembling. When

PLATT gets hold of the axe they think

their heads may fall.

False teeth may have other uses than

that of mastication. A set found near

Poughkeepsie may be the means of iden-

tifying a woman and unravelling a mys-

tery.

Mr. INGALLS was a great disappoint-

ment to the Georgians. They expected

something more fiery. Where was your

adaptability, Senator?

Come, Mr. GILBERT, you have authority

over New York's streets. Now, use it

and make the railroad companies respect

the people's comfort.

Now they are discovering caves in Ohio.

It is a little early. After election the de-

flected men might hunt for holes in the

ground.

MARY ANDERSON will not please her



THE WOMAN WHO WAS LOOKING FOR ENOS.

Just outside the Delaware and Lacka-

wanna Depot, Holoken, I met a woman

about forty years of age, who seemed to

be carefully scrutinizing the face of every-

body coming down to the ferry-house.

She was very plainly dressed, and it

didn't take much figuring to decide that

she lived out of town and had walked

several miles through the mud. We drew

closer together after a bit, and when she

found I had been hanging around there

for an hour previous to her appearance

she said:

"Well, I'll tell you what it is. I'm a

looking for my man, Enos. I think he

headed this way, and maybe he's already

crossed over."

"What sort of a man?"

"He's what they called a sawed-off

man, not as tall as me into a head. He's

got blue eyes, yellowish hair, and freckles

clean back to his ears. You'd know it

was Enos ten rods off. If you didn't you'd

know it as soon as he got up to you, for

he'd ask you for a chew of tobacco, and

begin to complain about me. If you give

two minutes of your valuable time he'd tell

you that I made him the most miserable

man in New Jersey."

"I don't think I've seen any man

pass this way. Has he left home?"

"Yes; left about daylight this morn-

ing. Got up and built a fire and put the

teakettle on and then skipped. I couldn't

believe it for more'n an hour, for we've

been married seventeen years and he's

threatened to go about every other day

during all that time. I found his tracks

in the road, however, and I met a milk-

man who saw him running with his hat

in his hand, and I guess he finally worked

himself up to it."

She filled a clay pipe with tobacco,

asked me for a match, and as she puffed

away I said:

"It seems as if Enos and you didn't

live happily."

"No, we don't, and it's all his fault.

There ain't a woman in New Jersey who

could live happily with Enos. I've

broken a hundred broomsticks over his

head, but he's meaner to-day than he was

the day I married him."

"What seems to be the trouble?"

"I suppose it's what they call want of

congeniality. I'm congenial, but Enos

ain't. He's just like all other one-story,

sawed-off men—got his nose stuck up all

the time about something, and always

whining and finding fault. You never

saw such a man to dispute, and he's too

lazy to fall out of bed."

"But you are not happy to get rid of

him?"

"Well, you see how it is. I don't want

to live there alone and I don't want folks

winking around and saying 'I'm a grass

widder for Enos. He ain't altogether too

blame for being so pizenized me. He's

always having fits, or stepping on toes,

or shaking with the ager, and if he gets

\$5 ahead some feller comes along with a

patent and skins him out of it. And

Enos ain't more'n half baked when you

come right down to it. He don't know

'buff to keep turning a grindstone unless

you holler at him."

I was thinking of something to say to

console her, when she suddenly let the

stem of her pipe in two, uttered a yell

and jumped past me. Enos had been

hiding around somewhere, probably ex-

pecting to be followed, but had come out

to see if the coast was clear. It wasn't.

He had walked almost up to her, and as

she lifted him up, gave him a twist and a

shake, and as his feet touched the ground

again she said:

"Enos, you can't beat Mattida if we



THE HOT WEATHER BRINGS THEM SICKNESS AND MISERY.

THE SUBSCRIPTIONS.